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Rehearsal Script

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

"THE HAPPINESS PATROL"

by

2/11/88

Graeme Curry

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO 7L" 'THE HAPPINESS PATROL' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
ACE
EARL
HELEN A
SILAS P
WOMAN KILLJOY
TREVOR SIGMA
HAROLD V
THE WARDER
GILBERT M
THE KANDYMAN
SUSAN Q
JOSEPH C

NON-SPEAKING:

EXECUTION VICTIM
HAPPINESS PATROL GUARDS

* * * * *

SETS:

Street/Bluesy Street/Street with Fire Escape
Forum Square
Helen A's Suite
Second Street/Street outside Kandy Kitchen/Street next to Forum
Kandy Kitchen
Execution Yard
Arcadia
Happiness Patrol Headquarters

* * * * *

MODEL SHOT:

Establishing Shot of Planet in Space

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO 7L"

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EPISODE ONE

MODEL SHOT 1:

A planet hanging in
space: Terra Alpha.

This shot is to
ESTABLISH that the story
isn't taking place on
Earth, so the colours
of the planet or its
configuration of
satellites, should be
distinctively un-
Earthlike.

1. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(A DARK, MOODY
URBAN STREET,
NOT PARTICULARLY
ALIEN.

NEON SIGNS, FIRE
ESCAPES, ETC.
SHOULD GIVE A
JAZZ OR BLUES
FEEL.

THERE'S A BENCH
BY A STREET
LIGHT.

A WOMAN IS SITTING
ON THE BENCH
WITH HER HEAD
IN HER HANDS.

SHE IS WEARING
A DARK COAT.

AT THE OTHER END
OF THE BENCH SILAS
P IS READING A
JOURNAL.

HE IS WEARING
A DRAB GREY
RAINCOAT.

HE LOWERS THE
JOURNAL)

SILAS P: Do you want to talk about
it?

WOMAN: I don't talk to strangers.

SILAS P: Perhaps I can help.

WOMAN: I didn't ask for any help.

SILAS P: But we both know you can't sit here like this. It's dangerous.

WOMAN: It's too late. I don't care any more. Let them find me.

(A PAUSE)

SILAS P: You don't have to face your suffering alone, you know.

WOMAN: (SUSPICIOUSLY) What do you mean?

SILAS P: There's a place, a secret place, where some of us go to indulge our depressions, to share our miseries. With other killjoys. Like you and me.

WOMAN: I'm not a killjoy.

SILAS P: That's what they would call you. Interested?

WOMAN: Perhaps.

SILAS P: It changed my life.

(HE TAKES OUT
A CARD AND OFFERS
IT TO THE
WOMAN)

Look - here's my card.

(SHE HESITATES)

Go on. Take it.

(SHE TAKES THE
CARD)

WOMAN: (READING) Silas P.

SILAS P: Other side.

(SHE TURNS THE
CARD OVER)

WOMAN: But it says ...

SILAS P: Happiness Patrol. Undercover.

(SILAS P WHIPS
OFF HIS RAINCOAT.

UNDERNEATH HE
IS WEARING A
PALE BLUE JOGGING
SUIT.

IT IS DECORATED
WITH A LARGE
'P' AND TWO
BRIGHTLY COLOURED
BADGES)

Time to get really depressed!

(SILAS P BLOWS
A WHISTLE.

THE WOMAN'S FACE
IS SUDDENLY BATHED
WITH LIGHT.

MEMBERS OF THE
HAPPINESS PATROL,
LED BY DAISY K,
STEP FROM THE
SHADOWS.

THEY ARE YOUNG
WOMEN, DRESSED
LIKE FUTURISTIC
AMERICAN CHEERLEADERS.

THEY CARRY
'FUN GUNS',

BULBOUS PLASTIC
RED AND YELLOW
MACHINE GUNS, WITH
SMILE EMBLEMS
EMBOSSED ON THEIR
ROUND MAGAZINES.
(HOWEVER THE
GUNS ARE FULLY
OPERATIONAL,
FIRE REAL BULLETS,
AND MAKE REAL
MACHINE GUN SOUNDS).

THE HAPPINESS PATROL
TRAIN THEIR GUNS
ON THE WOMAN)

DAISY K: Have a nice death!

(CLOSE UP ON
WOMAN'S FACE,
TERRIFIED)

2. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE FORUM SQUARE
IS TYPICAL OF
TERRA ALPHA.

THE ARCHITECTURE
AND COLOURS ARE
DELIBERATELY
REMINISCENT OF
MID-20TH CENTURY
SUBURBAN EARTH,
WITH PASTEL COLOURS,
SWEEPING CURVES,
ABSTRACT SHAPES
AND RATHER OLD-
FASHIONED 'FUTURISTIC'
DESIGN.

IT IS SPOTLESSLY
CLEAN AND,
DESPITE THE
BRIGHT COLOURS,
RATHER DEPRESSING.

AT ONE END OF
THE SQUARE STEPS
LEAD UP TO THE
ENTRANCE OF THE
FORUM, A SORT OF
CIVIC ARTS CENTRE.

A LOUDSPEAKER
STANDS IN THE
SQUARE.

THE TARDIS
MATERIALISES.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE STEP OUT)

ACE: How about a triceratops?

THE DOCTOR: Horned dinosaur with a
mouth like a beak? The Brigadier
saw one in the London Underground.

ACE: And a *tyrannosaurus Rex*?

THE DOCTOR: I've met quite a few, actually.

ACE: Wicked! And *pterodactyls*?

THE DOCTOR: Lots of *pterodactyls*, Ace.

ACE: Evil!

THE DOCTOR: Maybe we should pay a little visit sometime.

ACE: What? To the earth? During the Upper Cretaceous?

THE DOCTOR: It would be a good time for dinosaurs.

ACE: I love dinosaurs.

(THE SPEAKER IN
THE SQUARE SUDDENLY
BEGINS TO PLAY
SMARMY MUZAK)

But I hate that. Lift music. Where are we, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Terra Alpha. What do you mean, lift music?

ACE: Like they play in lifts. What's Terra Alpha?

THE DOCTOR: A planet. An earth colony settled some centuries in your future. Do you like it?

ACE: No.

THE DOCTOR: No, neither do I. Why not?

ACE: Too clean. Too bright. Too happy.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I've been hearing disturbing rumours about Terra Alpha. I decided I'd look in some time.

ACE: So tonight's the night?

THE DOCTOR: Tonight's the night. Rumours of something evil, Ace. And we have to find out what's behind it all.

3. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(CLOSE UP OF
HELEN A TALKING
ON A FIFTIES-
STYLE TELEVISION)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) ... so it just
remains for Joseph C and I to thank
you all for your sterling work in
tracking down the killjoys and
reporting them to the authorities
who are, as usual doing a marvellous
job.

(MOVE OUT TO
SEE HELEN A
WATCHING HERSELF
ON THE SCREEN.)

JOSEPH C IS
SITTING BESIDE
HER, DOZING.

HELEN A GIVES
HIS HAIR A
PAINFUL TWEAK.

HE WAKES UP WITH
A START)

I think you should watch this, darling.
You'll find it instructive. (ON SCREEN)
Progress is being made all the time.
Rural areas are now enjoying a life
of harmony and peace and the killjoys
hiding in the cities do not have
chance to stay unhappy for long.
(cont...)

(THE MONITOR SHOWS
A SOUNDLESS
VIDEO RECORDING OF
THE END OF THE
FIRST SCENE,

SHOWING THE WOMAN
IN THE MOMENTS
LEADING UP TO
HER DEATH)

HELEN: (O.O.V.) (cont) So remember -
enjoy yourselves! Happiness will
prevail.

4. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARE WALKING
ALONG A STREET,
MORE BRIGHTLY
LIT AND 'HAPPIER'
THAN THE BLUESY
STREET.

A DOOR LEADS
OFF IT TO
THE KANDY KITCHEN.

MUZAK IS PLAYING)

ACE: This music's winding me up,
Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Makes you wonder how
the natives stand it.

ACE: I haven't seen any natives.

THE DOCTOR: There's one.

(TREVOR SIGMA,
A SMALL, GREY,
BUREAUCRATIC-
LOOKING MAN CARRYING
A CLIPBOARD,
JOINS THEM.

HE ADDRESSES
ACE)

TREVOR SIGMA: Name?

ACE: Ace.

TREVOR SIGMA: No nicknames, aliases,
pseudonyms, noms de plumes. Real name.

ACE: That is my real name. Tell him, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: What's in a name?

TREVOR SIGMA: I could report you for that.

ACE: Can you smell something, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Now you mention it ...

ACE: It smells good, whatever it is. And it's making me feel hungry.

THE DOCTOR: It seems to be coming from over there.

(ACE WALKS TOWARDS
THE KANDY KITCHEN)

I'm sorry about Ace, Mr ... You didn't tell me your name.

TREVOR SIGMA: You're right. I didn't. But I don't have to. I'm on official business from Galactic Centre.

(ACE GOES INTO
KANDY KITCHEN)

THE DOCTOR: How do I know you're telling the truth.

(TREVOR PULLS
OUT HIS
IDENTIFICATION.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT IT)

- 13 -

TREVOR SIGMA: My identification.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Trevor Sigma.

TREVOR SIGMA: How do you know my name?

THE DOCTOR: Your identification. Actually my nickname at college was Theta Sigma.

TREVOR SIGMA: No nicknames.

5. INT. KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(ACE ENTERS THE
KANDY KITCHEN.

IT'S DESERTED
AND SPOOKY.

THE KANDY KITCHEN
LOOKS AS IF HEATH
ROBINSON TRIED TO
DESIGN A CHEERFUL
DUNGEON AND
TORTURE CHAMBER.

THERE IS A SERIES
OF OVENS IN A
BANK ALL ALONG
ONE WALL AND
MASSIVE PIPES
HANGING LOW ON
THE CEILING AND
ALONG THE WALLS.

THERE'S A MANHOLE
COVER IN THE
FLOOR.

THE ROOM IS DECORATED
WITH ODD ORNAMENTS
LIKE PLASTIC
SKULLS AND GRINNING
JACK-O-LANTERN
PUMPKINS.

BIG CAULDRONS SIT
ON THE STOVES,
SIMMERING.

TWO DENTIST-LIKE
CHAIRS (WITH
STRAPS) ARE
SITUATED IN A
CORNER.

THERE IS AN
ELABORATE LEVER
MECHANISM IN THE
BEST, OUTRAGEOUS,
HEATH ROBINSON
MANNER ALONG ONE
WALL - WHEN THE
LEVER IS THROWN
IT TRIGGERS OFF
SOMETHING WHICH
TRIGGERS OFF
SOMETHING ELSE
ETC., EVENTUALLY
ACTIVATING SOME
MECHANISM ON THE
BIG PIPES.

THERE IS A KIND
OF TUBE MAP ABOVE
THE LEVER WHICH
CAN LIGHT UP TO
SHOW ACTIVITY IN
A SYSTEM OF
UNDERGROUND PIPES
WHICH CONNECT
TO THE KANDY
KITCHEN)

ACE: Well weird.

6. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN.
NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
TREVOR SIGMA)

THE DOCTOR: So what you're saying
is that you're conducting a census
of the entire planet.

TREVOR SIGMA: Enquiries of that
nature have to be referred back to
the appropriate department at the
Galactic Centre. Messages may be
left at weekends, except in
emergencies in which case the Sector
Manager ... is available ...

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's been lovely
talking to you, but Ace is probably
in danger by now. Bye now!

(THE DOCTOR DOFFS
HIS HAT AND FOLLOWS
ACE INTO THE KANDY
KITCHEN)

7. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(ACE IS EXAMINING
THE LEVER
MECHANISM, TRACING
ITS ELABORATE
PATH TOWARDS THE
PIPES.

SHE IS JUST
ABOUT TO PULL
THE LEVER AND
GIVE IT A TRY
WHEN THE DOCTOR
WALKS IN)

ACE: Professor, what do you think
happens if I pull this?

(THE DOCTOR CATCHES
HER HAND JUST
BEFORE SHE PULLS
THE LEVER)

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Ace.
And I don't intend to find out just
yet.

ACE: Oh, Professor!

THE DOCTOR: Anyway, I thought you
came in here because you were hungry.

ACE: Yeah, that's right.

(SHE MAKES A MOVE
TO THE OVENS.

THE DOCTOR STOPS
HER)

THE DOCTOR: But you're not having anything to eat, either.

(AS HE GUIDES
ACE TOWARDS THE
DOOR THE MANHOLE
COVER OPENS
SLIGHTLY,
SUGGESTING LIFE
BENEATH IT.

WITHOUT SEEING
IT, THE DOCTOR
SENSES IT AND
STOPS.

THE MANHOLE
COVER SHUTS AGAIN
IMMEDIATELY)

ACE: What is it, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Nothing.

(THEY WALK OUT)

8. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL SIGMA, WEARING
BLUESY CLOTHES AND
SHADES, IS PLAYING
BLUESY MUSIC ON A
TRUMPET.

WE SUDDENLY HEAR
THE HAPPINESS
PATROL VEHICLE
APPROACHING, THE
CAR HORN PLAYING
A NOISY, IMBECILIC
TUNE.

EARL SIGMA QUICKLY
REMOVES HIS
SHADES, PUTS ON
A BRIGHT HAT, AND
STARTS PLAYING AN
UP TEMPO, HAPPY
TUNE.

THE HAPPINESS
PATROL VEHICLE
CRUISES DOWN THE
STREET WITH FOUR
PATROL MEMBERS
IN IT, AND STOPS
BESIDE EARL SIGMA,
WHO CONTINUES
PLAYING BUT LOOKS
NERVOUS.

DAISY K GETS OUT
OF THE VEHICLE,
WALKS OVER TO
EARL SIGMA AND
STICKS A SMILE
BADGE ON HIS COAT.

SHE GETS BACK
INTO THE TRUCK
AND THEY MOVE OFF)

9. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(A YARD DECORATED
AS IF FOR A
PARTY.

THERE ARE BALLOONS,
RIBBONS AND
BUNTING.

THE YARD IS
DOMINATED BY A
HUGE, BRIGHTLY-
COLOURED WASTE
PIPE.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARE LOOKING
ROUND)

ACE: Looks like someone's having
a party. Can we go, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: We haven't been invited,
Ace.

ACE: We can crash it.

(THE DOCTOR IS
POKING HIS
UMBRELLA INTO
THE WASTE PIPE)

THE DOCTOR: We don't crash parties.
And we especially don't crash this
one. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR PULLS
HIS UMBRELLA DOWN,
SEES A SUBSTANCE
STICKING TO IT,
AND TASTES IT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) It's sweet.

ACE: Sweet?

10. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(GILBERT M AND TREVOR
SIGMA WALK INTO THE
KANDY KITCHEN TOGETHER.

WE SEE CAULDRONS OF
SWEET SYRUP BUBBLING
ON THE STOVE)

GILBERT M: Restructuring?

TREVOR SIGMA: The whole bureau.
Top to bottom.

GILBERT M: I envy you, Trevor.

TREVOR SIGMA: Ten thousand new grades
have been created and every decision
now has to pass through five hundred
new committees. You can imagine
the extra paperwork.

GILBERT M: You must be thrilled.

TREVOR SIGMA: The bureau's moving
into uncharted territory, Gilbert.
I'm just happy to be aboard.

GILBERT M: Exciting. So what can
I do for you.

TREVOR SIGMA: You remember last
time I came I wasn't able to interview
a certain person. I thought if I tried
again he might be more co-operative.

GILBERT M: I don't know. A certain
person is becoming increasingly
difficult to handle.

(UNSEEN BY TREVOR
SIGMA AND GILBERT
M, THE KANDY MAN
HAS COME INTO
THE KITCHEN.

THE KANDY MAN
IS HUMANOID BUT
NOT HUMAN. HE
IS ACTUALLY
COMPOSED OF
SWEET SUBSTANCES
(WITH A ROBOTIC
SKELETON,
COMPLETELY
UNSEEN, DEEP
INSIDE HIS
SYNTHETIC BODY).
HE IS CHUBBY AND
JOLLY LOOKING,
BUT AT THE SAME
TIME ELEGANT AND
SINISTER. THE
COLOUR OF HIS SKIN,
LIPS ETC. SHOULD
SUGGEST SWEETS
AND SUGAR
CONFETIONS RATHER
THAN HUMAN FLESH.
HE IS TALL AND
POWERFUL.

HE WEARS A WHITE
LAB COAT, A BOW-
TIE AND RED FRAMED
MOVIE STAR GLASSES
- THESE AND OTHER
ARTICLES OF HIS
APPAREL (THE PENS
IN HIS POCKET ETC)
ARE ALSO MADE OF
CANDY)

KANDY MAN: Is he indeed?

TREVOR SIGMA: Kandy Man!

KANDY MAN: A certain person's patience
is wearing thin. Now go!

(TREVOR SIGMA
SCUTTLES OUT
OF THE KANDY
KITCHEN)

GILBERT M: It was just a few questions.

KANDY MAN: I don't give interviews.

(THE KANDY MAN
SUAVELY REMOVES
HIS SUNGLASSES
AND TAKES A BITE
OUT OF THEM)

11. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE HAPPINESS
PATROL VEHICLE
DRIVES INTO THE
SQUARE AND STOPS.

DAISY K AND THE
HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARDS EXAMINE
THE TARDIS BRIEFLY,
THEN TAKES OUT
BRUSHES AND POTS
OF PAINT AND
START PAINTING
IT PINK)

12. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR
ARE INSPECTING THE
BENCH WHERE THE
WOMAN SAT IN
SCENE 1)

THE DOCTOR: Well?

ACE: Bullet holes?

THE DOCTOR: Definitely. Something
very nasty is happening here. We
must put a stop to it. Quickly.

ACE: How quickly?

THE DOCTOR: Tonight. Which means
we must get to grips with the enemy
very soon.

ACE: Is this going to be dangerous?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(PAUSE)

ACE: Right. How do we start?

THE DOCTOR: I think we'll get ourselves
arrested.

13. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(DAISY K AND THE
HAPPINESS PATROL
ARE ALMOST FINISHED
PAINTING THE
TARDIS PINK.

JUST AS THEY
COMPLETE THE JOB,
THE DOCTOR AND
ACE WALK CASUALLY
INTO THE FORUM
SQUARE)

ACE: Professor! Look what they've
done!

THE DOCTOR: It looks rather good.

(DAISY K CONFRONTS
THEM, HER FUN GUN
READY)

DAISY K: (TO ACE) You look unhappy
about something.

THE DOCTOR: On the contrary. We
were just admiring your handiwork.
(INSPECTING THE TARDIS) Miserable
looking thing, wasn't it?

DAISY K: Our feeling exactly. And
what about you? Are you happy?

THE DOCTOR: I would say so. Relatively
speaking, that is. Given the deeply
distressing nature of so many universal
truths.

DAISY K: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: I'm happy.

(ACE, WHO HAS BEEN
INSPECTING DAISY K
DURING THIS EXCHANGE:)

ACE: Can't you afford a real gun?

(DAISY K SPINS
ROUND AND
DRAMATICALLY
BLASTS THE
LIGHT OFF THE
TOP OF THE
TARDIS)

Gordon Bennet.

THE DOCTOR: Not to worry. I've
been meaning to change that bulb
for ages.

(DAISY K SPINS
BACK AND POINTS
THE GUN AT THE
DOCTOR AND ACE.

SUDDENLY THE
SITUATION IS
TENSE)

DAISY K: So why are you here? You
don't look like locals. In fact,
you look like killjoys.

THE DOCTOR: We're visitors.

ACE: Adventurers!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but mainly just visitors.

DAISY K: So you are offworld?

THE DOCTOR: We're travelling through the colonies. Terra Alpha is the last stop on our itinerary. And very charming it is too, wouldn't you say, Ace?

ACE: Ace!

(DAISY K RELAXES
HER GUN)

DAISY K: All right. You may go. But in future stay in the specified tourist zones. Sophie S. The candy.

(SOPHIE S PRODUCES
A LARGE BOX OF
CHOCOLATES WHICH
SHE OFFERS TO ACE.

ACE TAKES ONE)

ACE: Thanks. I'm starving.

(THE BOX IS OFFERED
TO THE DOCTOR)

DAISY K: Take one.

THE DOCTOR: I will. I'm just not very good at deciding.

DAISY K: Wait!

(SOPHIE S TAKES THE
BOX AWAY.

DAISY K SIGNALS
AND THE OTHERS
RAISE THEIR GUNS)

(TO THE DOCTOR) Where's your badge?

THE DOCTOR: My badge?

DAISY K: All offworld personnel
are given a free badge at customs.
(TO ACE) And you. I haven't seen
any of your badges before.

ACE: This one's Charlton Athletic.

THE DOCTOR: (HASTILY INTERRUPTING)
These are all awards from other worlds.
Ace's talents are recognised throughout
the universe.

DAISY K: Can she entertain?

ACE: What?

THE DOCTOR: Of course she can.
(INDICATING BADGES) This one's for
tap dancing, this one's for car
maintenance, this one's for her comedy
act, this one's ...

DAISY K: That will do! You still
haven't explained the absence of
your badge.

THE DOCTOR: My badge, my badge.
Now what did I do with my badge?
Of course!

(THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY
GOES INTO A SPIN
WITH ACE AND COMES
OUT WEARING HER
JACKET)

There we are. (POINTING TO BADGES)
This one was given to me by the
Stroathans of the globular cluster
of Storaz, this one's for my work
in advancing the theory of ...

DAISY K: That's enough! Take them
both to Arcadia. He's a spy. Helen
A Will no doubt have plans for him.
As for the other one, if what the
spy says is true she's perfect Happiness
Patrol material.

ACE: (QUIETLY, TO THE DOCTOR) Happiness
Patrol? What's that, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No laughing matter.

14. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(VARIOUS MONITORING
EQUIPMENT, TELEVISION
CONSOLES, ETC.)

A FIRE STATION
STYLE POLE, AN
EXIT DOOR, A DOOR
TO HELEN A's SUITE,
BOTH SHUT.

SILAS P IS KNEELING
BEFORE HELEN A.
HELEN A STICKS
ANOTHER BADGE ONTO
HIS JOGGING SUIT)

HELEN A: Your third badge, Silas P.
Forty-five killjoys to your credit.
Impressive work.

SILAS P: It's forty-seven, actually.

HELEN A: I do the counting, thank
you, Silas.

SILAS P: Sorry, ma'am.

HELEN A: Still, I like your
initiative, your enterprise. I'll
See that you go far.

SILAS P: I'm aiming for the top.

HELEN A: Not quite the very top,
I hope, Silas.

15. INT. ARCADIA.

(ARCADIA, ALTHOUGH
A PRISON, LOOKS
LIKE AN AMUSEMENT
ARCADE.

HAROLD V IS GLOOMILY
PLAYING A ONE-ARMED
BANDIT BESIDE A
BRIGHTLY-COLOURED
CHUTE, THE ENTRANCE
TO ARCADIA.

THE DOCTOR AND
ACE (WITHOUT
HER RUCK-SACK)
SLIDE DOWN THE
CHUTE, TUMBLE OVER,
AND LAND NEXT TO
HAROLD V)

THE DOCTOR: Hold the two bananas
and give it a short, sharp pull.
It never fails.

(HAROLD V FOLLOWS
THE DOCTOR'S
INSTRUCTIONS.
NOTHING HAPPENS)

ACE: Ah well, you can't win them all.

HAROLD V: It's all right. I don't
like winning.

THE DOCTOR: Why's that?

HAROLD V: First of all I'm a killjoy,
and secondly I don't like the prize.

ACE: What is the prize?

(HAROLD V WINS
THE JACKPOT)

HAROLD V: You're about to find out.

(HELEN A APPEARS
ON A MONITOR
OVER THE MACHINE)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Congratulations and well played. Here is your prize joke. Did you hear about the killjoy who won an outing with the Happiness Patrol? He was tickled to death! Enjoy yourself!

(THE MACHINE ERUPTS
WITH TUMULTUOUS
APPLAUSE AND
CANNED LAUGHTER)

THE DOCTOR: I see what you mean - her delivery's terrible.

HAROLD V: The joke's not much good either.

THE DOCTOR: You're right. It's awful. It's tasteless, smug, and worst of all, it's badly constructed. Who writes that stuff?

HAROLD V: I wrote it.

THE DOCTOR: You wrote it?

HAROLD V: I used to be her gag writer - when I was Harold F. Then my brother disappeared. I went to look for him. I heard of other disappearances. They caught me in the rocketport zone trying to contact Terra Omega. And brought me here, where I was regraded to Harold V.

ACE: So where exactly are we? It looks just like a ...

HAROLD V: It's clever, isn't it? It looks just like an amusement arcade. Until, that is, you try and get out of it.

(THE WARDER SEES
THEM IN EARNEST
CONVERSATION. IN
ALL HIS APPEARANCE
HE IS CONSTANTLY
EATING SWEETS)

THE WARDER: Come on you lot. We don't put you in here so that you can mope around. Harold V, show him how to play 'Get Happy'.

ACE: 'Get Happy'?

THE WARDER: That's what I said. 'Get Happy'. And that applies to you, too.

16. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(DAISY K COMES
INTO THE YARD
FOLLOWED BY A MAN
DRESSED IN BLACK
ESCORTED BY THREE
HAPPINESS PATROL
MEMBERS.

JOSEPH C BRINGS
UP THE REAR OF
THE PROCESSION.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL
POSITION THE VICTIM
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
YARD AND THEN
LINE UP FOR INSPECTION.

JOSEPH C WALKS UP
THE LINE, PRESENTING
BADGES.

HE GETS TO DAISY K
AND SHAKES HER HAND)

JOSEPH C: Congratulations.

(HE THEN SHAKES
HANDS WITH THE
VICTIM)

Bad luck, old man. Still, we've got
to be fair, haven't we? It wouldn't
be cricket otherwise.

17. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A IS SITTING
AT A CONSOLE,
HER HAND TOYING
WITH A BUTTON.

GILBERT M STANDS
NEARBY)

GILBERT M: You called, ma'am.

HELEN A: Just curiosity, Gilbert M.
I wondered what the Kandy Man has
conjured up for us today.

GILBERT M: It's a fondant surprise,
ma'am.

HELEN A: Flavour?

GILBERT M: Strawberry, ma'am.

HELEN A: Delicious. My favourite.

18. INT. ARCADIA.

(HAROLD V IS HAVING
A GO ON ONE OF
THE ARCADE GAMES,
THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARE WATCHING)

ACE: They've got enough games in here.

HAROLD V: Confiscated property. They all used to belong to convicted killjoys. They weren't having enough fun with them.

THE DOCTOR: (THOUGHTFULLY) So, some of these games were real once?

(HAROLD V'S GAME
COMES TO AN END
AND HELEN A'S
FACE COMES UP ON
A SCREEN ON THE
MACHINE)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy yourself!
Do you want another game?

HAROLD V: (TO THE DOCTOR) Do you want to be the Happiness Patrol or the killjoy?

THE DOCTOR: I don't really want to be either. (TO ACE, QUIETLY) Ace, go and have a careful look at the other games.

(ACE GOES.)

HAROLD V INDICATES
THE WARDER, STILL
EATING SWEETS)

HAROLD V: He hates people having a
bad time.

THE DOCTOR: All right. I'll be the
killjoy.

HAROLD V: I'm afraid the killjoy never
wins.

THE DOCTOR: I didn't think he would.

HAROLD V: So the game's about whether
the Happiness Patrol deal with you
on the spot or take you away.

THE DOCTOR: Like your brother, you
mean.

HAROLD V: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Where do you think he is?

HAROLD V: I don't know. Somewhere
out of earshot. Rumour has it that
Helen A favours the firing squad.

19. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(A FIRING SQUAD
OF THE THREE
HAPPINESS PATROL
IS LINED UP IN
FRONT OF THE
VICTIM)

JOSEPH C: (READING DOCUMENT) Oh dear,
oh dear. I'm afraid it says here that
you've been found guilty of an
ostentatious display of public grief.
Dear, dear, dear.

(THE FIRING SQUAD
AIM THEIR GUNS
AT THE VICTIM.

THE VICTIM WATCHES
WITH RESIGNATION.

JOSEPH C PUTS ON
BRIGHTLY COLOURED
CAP)

And so you've been sentenced to the
severest penalty decreed by Helen A.

DAISY K: Patrol dismissed!

(THE FIRING SQUAD
SHOULDER THEIR
GUNS AND MARCH OUT
OF THE YARD.

THE VICTIM LOOKS
ROUND IN BEWILDERMENT)

20. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A PUSHES
THE BUTTON ON
THE CONSOLE)

21. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN IS
ALONE.

A SMILING SKULL
ON ONE OF THE
SHELVES LIGHTS UP
AND A HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN.

THE KANDY MAN TURNS
A METAL WHEEL ON
ONE OF THE PIPES
AND SUDDENLY THE
PIPES ALL BURST
INTO ACTION, WITH
MOVING PARTS,
CREAKING, ETC.

THERE IS A GREAT
RUSHING SOUND.

THE KANDY MAN TAKES
A GINGERBREAD MAN
OUT OF A JAR AND
BITES ITS HEAD OFF)

22. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(LURID RED FOAM
GUSHES OUT OF THE
WASTE PIPE ONTO
THE VICTIM. HE
COLLAPSES)

JOSEPH C: The Fondant Surprise!

(JOSEPH C BENDS
OVER THE VICTIM,
WHO IS COMPLETELY
BRUISED AND OBVIOUSLY
DEAD.

HE DIPS HIS FINGER
IN THE FOAM AND
TASTES IT)

Mmm. Strawberry.

23. INT. ARCADIA.

(THE DOCTOR AND
HAROLD V ARE PLAYING
THE ARCADE GAME.)

ACE JOINS THEM.

THE WARDER, EATING
SWEETS, SIDLES
PAST)

THE DOCTOR: So you're telling me that
Helen A punishes people for wearing
dark clothes.

HAROLD V: Public grief she calls it.
It also covers listening to slow music
and reading poems. Unless they're
limericks, of course.

THE DOCTOR: But this is terrible.

ACE: I've found something, Doctor.
But my tool kit's in my rucksack.

THE DOCTOR: Here.

(HE DISCREETLY
HANDS HER HIS
SMALL ROLLED
TOOL KIT, WHICH
HE HAS CONCEALED
IN HIS HAT)

HAROLD V: Walking in the rain, as
well. If you're on your own and don't
take an umbrella.

ACE: But why don't people stand up
to her?

HAROLD V: People are scared.

THE DOCTOR: Remember the Happiness Patrol, Ace.

ACE: A bunch of ratbags.

THE DOCTOR: Ratbags with guns.

HAROLD V: The Happiness Patrol is the nice side of her regime. Do you know who the Kandy Man is, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: He sounds like a sweetie.

HAROLD V: He's dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous?

HAROLD V: He's doing experiments. That's why we're here. He needs guinea pigs. Guinea pigs like you and me.

ACE: What sort of experiments?

HAROLD V: I can't find out.

(ACE MOVES OFF WITH
THE TOOL KIT, TOWARDS
A GO-KART STYLE
DRIVING GAME)

THE DOCTOR: So what else does he do, this Kandy Man?

HAROLD V: He makes sweets.

24. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN IS
CHOPPING INGREDIENTS
FOR ONE OF HIS
CONFETIONS.)

HE ACCIDENTALLY
BRINGS THE KNIFE
DOWN ON HIS HAND
AND HIS THUMB COMES
AWAY.

HE IS IRRITATED
BY THIS MINOR
INCONVENIENCE)

KANDY MAN: Drat!

(HE PUTS THE KNIFE
DOWN AND STICKS
HIS THUMB BACK
ON HIS HAND.)

HE WIGGLES IT
TO CHECK IT IS IN
GOOD WORKING ORDER)

25. INT. ARCADIA.

(HAROLD V AND
THE DOCTOR, AS
BEFORE.

ACE IS NEARBY,
EXAMINING THE
GO-KART)

THE DOCTOR: He sounds an interesting
sort of fellow. I shall look forward
to meeting him.

HAROLD V: Then you can give him my
regards, Doctor, because I don't
intend hanging around to be introduced.
I'm getting out of here.

THE DOCTOR: Are you sure that's wise?

HAROLD V: Look around. Helen A's
so keen that we should enjoy ourselves
that we're not guarded properly.
(HE NODS AT THE WARDER) I don't think
he'll put up too much of a fight.

THE DOCTOR: I'd be careful. Helen A
doesn't sound the type to skimp on
security.

HAROLD V: We'll just have to see,
won't we? Nice talking to you, Doctor.

(HAROLD V SUDDENLY
LEAPS UP AND MAKES
A BREAK FOR THE
DOOR.

THE DOCTOR TRIES
TO STOP HAROLD V
BUT HE IS A STRONG
MAN AND THE DOCTOR
TUMBLES TO ONE SIDE.

HELEN A'S FACE
APPEARS ON SEVERAL
MONITORS)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy yourself!
Would you like another game?

(AS SHE SAYS THIS,
SPACE INVADER TYPE
MACHINES JUMP
INTO LIFE, MAKING
LOTS OF SPACE
INVADER TYPE NOISES.

LASER BEAMS SUDDENLY
SHOOT FROM THE
SCREENS OF THESE
MACHINES AND CUT
HAROLD DOWN.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE
RUN OVER TO HELP
HIM BUT IT IS TOO
LATE.

THE WARDER ARRIVES)

ACE: (SHOCKED) Strewth.

THE WARDER: All right folks, the
excitement's over. Go and have a go on
the go-kart. The idea is to run over
fleeing killjoys. My record's twenty-
three. See if you can beat it.

THE DOCTOR: (DISGUSTED) No thanks.
We've finished playing.

26. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A REMOVES
A SHEET COVERING
A CAGE.

INSIDE THE CAGE
IS FIFI, HELEN
A'S PRIDE AND
JOY.

FIFI IS A SMALL,
EVIL-LOOKING
CREATURE,
REMINISCENT OF A
PARTICULARLY
NASTY ALIEN
FERRET.

SHE HAS GLOWING
EYES)

HELEN A: Did I leave you, my
darling? Don't worry, I'm back
now.

(FIFI GROWLS
SOFTLY)

27. INT. ARCADIA.

(THE DOCTOR IS
SEATED IN THE
COCKPIT OF THE
GO-KART GAME.

IN FRONT OF
HIM IS A
MONITOR.

ACE HAS TAKEN
THE DASHBOARD
OFF THE GAME
AND IS FIDDLING
AROUND WITH
ITS INNARDS.

THE WARDER
COMES OVER,
EATING SWEETS)

THE WARDER: Changed your mind
then, have you? I knew you'd
like this one.

(ACE QUICKLY
REPLACES THE
DASHBOARD
BEFORE THE
WARDER SEES
WHAT SHE HAS
BEEN DOING)

ACE: I'm just getting the hang
of it.

THE WARDER: So how many killjoys
have you pulped?

THE DOCTOR: None yet, but we've
just worked out a system.

THE WARDER: Well, that's all for today. I've got a couple of Happiness Patrol outside.

ACE: We just need one more go.

THE WARDER: Sorry. Orders are orders.

THE DOCTOR: I think I could beat your record.

THE WARDER: Now you're talking. You look like a gambling man, Doctor. Twenty zolphigs says you can't.

THE DOCTOR: You're on.

THE WARDER: You've got thirty seconds.

(HE OFFERS THE
DOCTOR A SWEET)

Strawberry fondant?

THE DOCTOR: No thanks. Not while I'm driving.

(THE DOCTOR
INSERTS HIS
UMBRELLA INTO
THE MACHINE
AND USES IT AS
A STARTING
CRANK.

ACE LEAPS
ABOARD.

THE WHOLE
GAME SUDDENLY
UPROOTS ITSELF
AND CAREERS
TOWARDS THE
DOOR.

THE WARDER
DOESN'T MOVE,
AMAZED.

HELEN A APPEARS
ON THE MONITORS)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy
yourself!

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE SINK INTO
THE COCKPIT AS
THE GAMES FIRE
ON THEM.

HE DOFFS HIS
HAT TO ONE OF
THE MONITORS)

THE DOCTOR: Thanks. We'll try!

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ESCAPE ON
THE GO-KART,
JUST AS A
HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARD, SUSAN Q,
COMES SLIDING
DOWN THE CHUTE,
CLUTCHING ACE'S
RUCKSACK.

SHE GOES UP TO
THE WARDER,
WHO IS STANDING,
SPEECHLESS)

SUSAN Q: I'm supposed to be
collecting a Happiness Patrol
recruit called Ace Sigma.

THE WARDER: You just missed
her.

28. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE
DOCTOR ARE
WHIZZING ALONG
IN THE GO-KART)

THE DOCTOR: Nothing like a nice
quiet night, eh, Ace?

ACE: Yeah. It's about time we
had a rest.

29. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A IS
WITH DAISY K)

HELEN A: So how did the spy
escape?

DAISY K: He escaped on one
of the games. The girl went
with him.

HELEN A: I'm feeling a little
tired this afternoon, Daisy K.
Don't try my patience.

DAISY K: It wasn't my fault.
I'd sent Susan Q to collect
the girl.

HELEN A: You're a valuable
member of our team, Daisy K,
but you need to sharpen up.
You're getting to be a little
bit careless.

DAISY K: But I'm always most ...

HELEN A: You wouldn't like to
be Daisy L again, would you?

DAISY K: No ma'am.

HELEN A: Then don't let me
down.

30. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE GO-KART IS
STATIONARY.

ACE IS UNDER-
NEATH IT WITH
HER FEET
STICKING OUT.

THE DOCTOR IS
WATCHING)

THE DOCTOR: What's wrong with
it?

(HE NOTICES A
SPECK OF DUST
ON THE KART.

HE TAKES OUT A
HANDKERCHIEF
AND POLISHES
IT. PUTS THE
HANDKERCHIEF
AWAY)

ACE: I don't know yet. I
think it may take some time.

(THE DOCTOR
TAKES OUT
A WATCH AND
CONSULTS IT)

THE DOCTOR: Time is what we
don't have. Let me have a
look.

(THE DOCTOR SLIDES
UNDER THE KART
WITH ACE)

ACE: (UNDER THE KART) What's the verdict, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: (UNDER THE KART)
I think it may take some time.

(ACE SLIDES OUT
FROM UNDER THE
KART.)

SHE GOES TO
THE STREET
CORNER AND SEES
THE HAPPINESS
PATROL, LED BY
DAISY K,
APPROACHING.

SHE RUNS BACK
TO THE KART)

ACE: Any luck, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: I still need a
little more time.

ACE: You've got it.

(ACE RUNS AWAY
ROUND THE
CORNER TOWARDS
THE HAPPINESS
PATROL)

31. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(DAISY K, SUSAN Q
AND A DETACHMENT
OF HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARDS
ARE SEARCHING
DOORWAYS.

THEY HEAR A
PIERCING WHISTLE.

THEY LOOK UP
AND SEE ACE
STRIDING
TOWARDS THEM)

ACE: Oy!

(DAISY K TRAINS
HER GUN ON ACE)

DAISY K: I arrest you for
evasion of Happiness Patrol
auditions.

ACE: Where are they?

DAISY K: What?

ACE: I'm ready for the auditions.
The question is, are they ready
for me?

DAISY K: (TO SUSAN Q) Take her
back to Happiness Patrol
Headquarters. We'll continue
the search for the spy.

32. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STILL UNDER
THE KART)

THE DOCTOR: That should do it,
Ace. Nice of the Happiness
Patrol to leave us in peace.

(HE COMES OUT)

Ace?

(HE GETS INTO
THE KART AND
DRIVES OFF.)

AS HE DOES SO,
THE HAPPINESS
PATROL GUARDS
COME ROUND THE
CORNER.

THEY FIRE THEIR
GUNS AS HE GOES)

33. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(EARL IS WALKING
DOWN THE EMPTY
STREET WITH HIS
TRUMPET, SOFTLY
PLAYING A SAD,
BLUSEY TUNE.

HE PASSES A
MANHOLE COVER
SET IN THE
PAVEMENT.

AS HE GOES BY
THE COVER
SHIFTS SLIGHTLY
AND SOMETHING
SMALL AND UNSEEN
LOOKS UP AT HIM
FROM THE SHADOWS
WITH GLOWING
EYES.

THESE EYES ARE
QUITE DIFFERENT
FROM FIFI'S -
A DIFFERENT
COLOUR, FRIENDLIER
AND MORE ENGAGING.

THE MANHOLE COVER
SETTLES INTO
PLACE AGAIN AS
EARL WALKS AWAY.

AS HE REACHES
THE OTHER END OF
THE STREET ANOTHER
MANHOLE SHIFTS
AND THIS TIME TWO
PAIRS OF GLOWING
EYES WATCH HIM
AS HE GOES BY,
PLAYING HIS
TRUMPET)

34. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(SUSAN Q IS
ESCORTING ACE
DOWN THE STREET)

ACE: What's your name, then? Valerie V,
Zelda Z, Wendy double- ...

SUSAN Q: Quite.

(THEY STOP AND
LISTEN.

WE HEAR THE FAINT
STRAINS OF BLUES
FROM EARL'S
TRUMPET)

Do you hear the trumpeter?

ACE: He sounds sad.

SUSAN Q: Yes, he does.

ACE: So you want to arrest him, put
him in jail, shoot him ...

SUSAN Q: I just want to listen to him.

ACE: Eh?

SUSAN Q: I like it. I used to have a
collection of blues 78s which came
from old Earth. I had to destroy them
when I was vetted for the Happiness
Patrol. All except one. Big Joe Turner
singing "Lucille".

ACE: And you managed to hide it from them?

SUSAN Q: No. They found it.

ACE: Oh.

SUSAN Q: Susan Q.

ACE: What?

SUSAN Q: My name. It used to be Susan L.

ACE: But you're all right? They haven't done anything to you?

SUSAN Q: No. Not yet.

(THEY WALK ON)

35. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR
DRIVING ALONG IN
THE GO-KART.

NO ONE ELSE
AROUND.

THE GO-KART
BEGINS TO MISFIRE)

36. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(ACE IS TRYING,
VERY INEPTLY,
TO SPIN A
HAPPINESS PATROL
CHEER LEADER -
STYLE BATON.

SUSAN Q IS
WATCHING HER)

SUSAN Q: OK. Stop there. I can't take any more. We won't even bother looking at your dancing. Do you know any jokes?

ACE: I always forget jokes.

SUSAN Q: How about songs?

ACE: (QUICKLY) I know this great song about this guy and his girlfriend and she drops the ring he gave her on a railway track and when she goes back to get it she's killed by a train and so he's really miserable for the rest of his life. It's fantastic.

SUSAN Q: Happy songs, Ace.. Songs about sunshine and furry animals.

37. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR DRIVES
THE FALTERING
GO-KART INTO THE
STREET.

IT CHUGS TO A
HALT)

38. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(ACE SITTING
ALONE.

A HAPPINESS PATROL
GUARD COMES DOWN
THE FIRE POLE AND
WALKS TO THE EXIT.

SHE CHECKS ACE'S
POSITION, THEN
CAREFULLY UNLOCKS
THE DOOR AND GOES
OUT.

SUSAN Q COMES
IN, LOCKING THE
DOOR BEHIND HER.
SHE CARRIES VARIOUS
OBJECTS.

SHE SETS THEM
DOWN IN FRONT
OF ACE)

SUSAN Q: Let's see. Tap dance taps,
snorkel, telephone book, musical
triangle, masking tape, sandpaper. I
think that's it.

ACE: What about the boxing gloves?

SUSAN Q: I don't remember those. Are
they important?

ACE: Vital.

(SUSAN Q SIGHS
AND TURNS TO GO)

SUSAN Q: Your speciality act had
better be good.

ACE: You'll love it.

(SUSAN Q GOES
OUT AND THE DOOR
LOCKS BEHIND HER.

ACE IMMEDIATELY
DISCARDS ALL THE
OBJECTS EXCEPT
THE TAPE AND THE
SANDPAPER.

SHE SWIFTLY TAPES
SOME SANDPAPER
TO HER SHOES AND
FASTENS A PIECE
TO EACH HAND.

SHE GOES TO THE
FIRE POLE, TAKES
A DEEP BREATH,
THEN JUMPS ON IT
AND BEGINS TO
SHINNY UP, USING
THE SANDPAPER TO
GRIP IT.

SHE DISAPPEARS UP
THE POLE)

39. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR'S
GO-KART HAS BROKEN
DOWN. HE IS
BENDING OVER THE
MOTOR.

SILAS P COMES
DOWN THE STREET,
SEES THE DOCTOR
AT WORK AND SITS
ON THE BENCH.

HE HIDES BEHIND
HIS JOURNAL, AS
IN THE FIRST
SCENE.

THE DOCTOR TURNS,
SEES SILAS, AND
GOES OVER TO THE
BENCH)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me. You wouldn't
be able to lend me a coin, would you?
A zolphig perhaps? My game's over.

SILAS P. And you have no money?

THE DOCTOR: No Alphan money. I'm
still looking for a good exchange rate.

SILAS P: (TURNING OUT HIS POCKETS)
I'm afraid I don't have any zolphigs.
But I can offer you the hand of friend-
ship. Sit down. Tell me about yourself.

THE DOCTOR: (SITTING DOWN) I'm looking
for Helen A. Perhaps you could point
me in the right direction.

SILAS P: I can tell you where to find her. But when you meet her make sure you're smiling.

THE DOCTOR: Smiling?

SILAS P: She hates miserable people. Haven't you heard about the massacre, then?

THE DOCTOR: I've heard rumours.

SILAS P: Helen A got angry at the end of last year. She sent her spies out to find the most depressing township on the planet. The Happiness Patrol went in and razed the place to the ground.

THE DOCTOR: But why?

SILAS P: Policy. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to distress you.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not distressed. I'm angry. Why don't people stand up to her?

SILAS P: There are lots of reasons. The Happiness Patrol, the Kandy Man ...

THE DOCTOR: The Kandy Man! He's next on my list of people to see.

SILAS P: Then I'd cross him off fast if I were you. He's Helen A's henchman. Does all her dirty work. (A PAUSE) There are small pockets of resistance, though. Quiet murmurings of rebellion. Are you interested?

THE DOCTOR: Of course.

SILAS P: There's a place, a secret place, where we're planning for the day when Helen A and the Kandy Man will be called to account. Here. My card.

THE DOCTOR: Thanks. (READING) Silas P.

SILAS P: Other side.

THE DOCTOR: Happiness Patrol Undercover. Excellent. Perhaps you could take a message ...

(SILAS P BLOWS
HIS WHISTLE.

AS HE BLOWS,
EARL SIGMA SNEAKS
UP BEHIND THEM
AND HITS SILAS P
WITH HIS TRUMPET.

SILAS P FALLS
BACKWARDS AND THE
TRUMPET FALLS TO
THE GROUND.

THE DOCTOR PICKS
UP THE TRUMPET
AND BLOWS DOWN
IT)

You've dented one of your valves.

(EARL SIGMA SNATCHES
THE TRUMPET FROM
HIM)

EARL: Never mind about the valves.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Shall we go?

(AS THEY RUN DOWN
THE STREET SILAS P
CLAMBERS BACK
ONTO THE BENCH.

HE SITS WITH HIS
HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL
ARRIVE. THEY SEE
A MAN LOOKING
MISERABLE. THEY
RAISE THEIR GUNS.

SILAS P LOOKS UP)

SILAS P: No! Wait!

40. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(AS THE DOCTOR
AND EARL SIGMA
RUN INTO THE
STREET WE HEAR
THE HAPPINESS PATROL
SHOOTING SILAS P.

THE DOCTOR AND
EARL FLATTEN
THEMSELVES AGAINST
A WALL)

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

EARL: Earl Sigma, a travelling musician.

THE DOCTOR: Pleased to meet you.

EARL: Likewise.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me, what does the
Sigma mean?

EARL: It stands for alien. All
visitors are called Sigma.

THE DOCTOR: So I'm Doctor Sigma.

EARL: That's it.

THE DOCTOR: Doctor Sigma. Yes, I
like it. Better than Theta Sigma.

(THEY HEAR THE
HORN OF THE HAPPINESS
PATROL VEHICLE AS IT
APPROACHES)

EARL: Let's go!

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS
EARL BACK. HE'S
SEEN THE DOOR AT
THE 'KANDY KITCHEN')

THE DOCTOR: Wait. In here. There's
someone I'd like to meet.

(THE DOCTOR STEERS
EARL SIGMA THROUGH
THE DOORWAY)

41. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(POTS ARE STILL
BUBBLING ON STOVES,
UTENSILS HANGING
UP AND INGREDIENTS
LAID OUT ON THE
TABLE.

THE DOCTOR AND
EARL COME IN AND
LOOK AROUND)

EARL: What is this place?

THE DOCTOR: I believe it's where they
make sweets.

42. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(WE SEE A POSTER
FOR "TONIGHT - THE
GRAND HAPPINESS
PATROL AUDITION".

ACE RUNS PAST.

A FEMALE VOICE
SHOUTS 'HALT, OR
I FIRE!'

ACE KEEPS RUNNING,
PAST THE DOOR OF
THE KANDY KITCHEN.

MACHINE GUN ROUNDS
ARE FIRED.

ACE DROPS TO THE
GROUND. SHE WAITS
A MOMENT, LOOKS
BEHIND HER, AND
THEN GETS UP TO
CONTINUE RUNNING.

SHE RUNS STRAIGHT
INTO DAISY K AND
HER FUN GUN.

OTHER MEMBERS OF
THE HAPPINESS PATROL
ARRIVE. THEY
ESCORT ACE AWAY)

INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA ARE
STILL EXAMINING
THE KITCHEN.

GILBERT M BUSTLES
IN.

THEY TRY TO HIDE
UNDER THE TABLE
BUT GILBERT M
HAS ALREADY SEEN
THEM. HE TAKES
NO NOTICE OF THEM)

GILBERT M: They think it's easy. A thousand pounds of praline kracknel indeed! They don't know about his moods. He's terrible when he's roused. I tell them but they don't believe me. They're lucky they get any sweets at all ...

(THE KANDY MAN
COMES IN, HIS
FEET MAKING SUCKING
NOISES AS THEY
TOUCH THE GROUND.

HE CARRIES A
LARGE HAMMER)

KANDY MAN: Enough!

(GILBERT M SCURRIES
AWAY.

THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA SLINK
UNDER THE TABLE)

Where are my specimens?

GILBERT M: If they think it's so easy they should have a go at making sweets themselves. Most of them wouldn't know popcorn from peppermints.

KANDY MAN: I said where are my specimens. It's time for an experiment.

GILBERT M: I think they just nipped under the table.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA ARE
UNDER THE TABLE)

EARL: What do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Follow me.

(THE KANDY MAN
MOVES OVER TO THE
TABLE.)

AS HE BENDS DOWN,
THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA SLIP
OUT AND TAKE
COVER BEHIND THE
OVEN)

KANDY MAN: There's no one here.

GILBERT M: But I saw them. We had a bit of a chat. They seemed very pleasant.

KANDY MAN: Show me.

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA ARE
NOW BEHIND THE
OVEN)

EARL: I thought you said you wanted to meet him?

THE DOCTOR: Another time perhaps. At the moment things are looking a bit sticky. We'll aim for the door.

(GILBERT M IS
LOOKING UNDER
THE TABLE)

GILBERT M: Well I'll be blowed. I could have sworn they were under here.

KANDY MAN: I can feel one of my moods coming on.

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERING) Go!

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA MAKE
A BREAK FOR THE
DOOR.)

THE KANDY MAN
SEES THEM AND
FLICKS A SWITCH
WHICH DROPS A
HEAVY BAR ACROSS
THE DOOR.

AS THE DOCTOR
AND EARL SIGMA
DESPERATELY TRY
TO LIFT THE BAR
WE HEAR THE
SUCKING NOISE OF
THE KANDY MAN'S
FEET APPROACHING)

KANDY MAN: (O.O.V.) Welcome to the Kandy Kitchen, gentlemen. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR AND
EARL SIGMA TURN
TO SEE THE KANDY MAN)

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure the pleasure
will be ours.

KANDY MAN: I do hope so. I like my
volunteers to die with smiles on their
faces.

(THE KANDY MAN
GIVES THEM A
BROAD SMILE. HIS
TEETH ARE BLACK.

THE THEME MUSIC
BEGINS)

FADE OUT